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MARINA

AN

OPERA

IN 2 ACTS,

AS PERFORMED IN SPANISH BY THE

MEXICAN INFANTILE

OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE.

A. L. Carles
Mercury

ENGLISH LIBRETTO.

SAN FRANCISCO:

B. F. Sterrett, Printer, 532 Clay Street, opp. Leidesdorff.

1855.

MARINA;

Opera in 2 Acts.

WRITTEN BY

DON FRANCISCO CAMPODRON.

MUSIC BY

DON EMILIO ARRIETO.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.....BY J. F. GODOY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARINA.....CARMEN UNDA y MORON

JORGE, (Sea Captain).....ESTEVAN MORON

ROQUE, (Boatswain).....GABRIEL MORON

PASCUAL, (Shipbuilder).....FRANCISCO MARTINEZ

ALBERTO, (Sea Captain).....PASCUAL PALAEZ

TERESA, (Friend of Marina).....EMELIA MAYORGA

A SAILOR.....JOSE DE JESUS CASTELAN

Sailors, Fisherman, Fisher Girls, Peasants, &c.

Scene laid on the shore of Lloret de Mar, on the Coast of Catalonia.

SAN FRANCISCO:

B. F. STERRETT, PRINTER, 532 CLAY STREET, OPP. LEIDESDORFF.

1875.

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ARGUMENT OF MARINA.

The scene is laid in a village on the coast of Spain. Marina is an orphan girl, and has been brought up with Jorge by his parents; she has loved him from her early childhood, but never let him understand her love. The first act opens with a chorus of fishermen and village girls who are expecting Jorge, now a sea captain on his return from America; Marina and Teresa her friend are among them, and after the chorus Marina confides the secret of her love to Teresa. Capt. Alberto, whose ship is just in port from America, speaks to Marina and tells her he has the letter her dying father wrote from that distant land to his wife in Spain; that since her mother is dead also, he will send her the letter. Pascual, a young man of the village who is in love with Marina, asks her in marriage and is first refused; but upon Marina being given to understand that Jorge loves and is to wed another girl on his return, half in despair, half in spite, she accepts the offer of Pascual. Jorge returns. Pascual who is an old friend of Jorge's, tells him he is about to marry. Jorge says he is also going to settle down in life, and inquires of Pascual the name of his bride; upon hearing it is Marina, he is startled and overwhelmed, still commands his feelings enough to congratulate his old friend. Marina was the woman he adored and had intended to wed, but of course he does not disclose his secret. Meanwhile Pascual has seen Marina speaking to Capt. Alberto, overheard the last of their conversation, which to appearances, gave him cause for jealousy. The act finishes with a grand chorus in which the people express their joy at the approaching marriage. Pascual though a little jealous, is happy; Marina sad, and Jorge overcome with sorrow.

In act second, Jorge is seen drinking and revelling with sailors and his friends; he says he wants to drown his grief in wine; at last they all get drunk; then follows a serenade to the bride, given by Pascual and villagers, and preparations go on for the marriage. A sailor comes from the ship of Capt. Alberto and inquires after Marina, for whom he has a letter; Pascual in a jealous freak, bribes the sailor to give him the letter which he opens, and it proves to be one from a man to a woman and full of terms of endearment; in anger he tells his friend Jorge of it, and seeks Marina whom he upbraids in the presence of Jorge, for her supposed faithlessness. When he tells her he knows she loves another man, she thinking Teresa has betrayed her secret, involuntarily owns she does, and falls upon her knees begging his pardon; he scorns her and leaves her weeping. Jorge tries to comfort her, still swears to take revenge on the man who has disgraced her, whose honor he will defend as if she were his own sister. She protests her innocence, and he shows her the letter as a proof of her guilt; she explains satisfactorily the contents of her father's letter; during the explanation, she understands she is the woman Jorge loves and intended to marry, and unintentionally reveals her love for him; their marriage is arranged and Pascual left in the lurch. The villagers are as ready to rejoice at this marriage as over the first and make merry over it. The seriousness of the play is relieved all through by the part of Roque, the boatswain of Jorge's vessel, who is always full of mirth and humor.

MARINA.

ACT FIRST.

The stage represents the coast of Loret; sea at background; a rock to the left of the actors; cottages on both sides; one to the left is of neat appearance, and has a window; and near to it is the chapel of San Telmo, lighted by a lantern. It is still dark, but near the dawn of day; a chorus of fishermen approach, and Marina, after they have begun their song, comes out from her cottage.

SCENE I.

Fishermen and Women.

Chorus. The morning star that precedes bright daylight will guide the fisherman's boat through the rolling waves, to the friendly shore where love will make him forget the lonely dreary nights spent at sea. The fond embrace of his gentle companion, and sweet rest will make him forget the lonely dreary nights at sea.

Marina. How beautifully calm is the sea! God, in his kindness has given it the color of hope, that the mariner may never despair; on its immense surface, my beloved one is sailing; when will he return to his home?

Cho. Hope, child, hope; for God protects the brave sailor at sea.

Mar. When the gentle moon reflects its rays, and a gentle breeze ripples its waters, it seems to me as if with the breeze I could send him a sigh of love, and give comfort to the lonely mariner.

Cho. Hope, child, hope; for God protects the brave sailor at sea. (As they finish the chorus, the first rays of the sun appear, and the anxiety of expectation is noted on all faces.)

Cho. The sun sends forth its rays, the sky is bright. Perhaps from the hill top we may now catch a glimpse of the masts of the long expected ship.

Mar. If, from the hill top, you can catch a glimpse of the masts of the long expected ship, come quick and tell me. The chorus goes off to the hill-top at the left, and Marina remains alone.)

SCENE II.

MARINA.

Spoken.

Marina. How my heart does beat! Little knows he of love who has said that absence makes us forget; and less knows he of an honest woman's heart.

SCENE III.

Marina, Teresa.

Teresa. Good day, Marina.

Marina. Good day, Teresa.

Ter. How early we are up to-day.

Mar. Yes, I could not sleep because I was anxiously expecting some one. You know that the captain of the schooner that came in port yesterday said

he left Jorge's ship in the Gulf of Valencia; she ought to arrive this morning, and the least delay makes me uneasy.

Ter. That is very natural; after you were left an orphan Jorge's rich parents took you to their home, cared for you and educated you: and now that they are dead and gone, Jorge has no one but you to love him; and well may you love him, for you have a heavy debt to pay him.

Mar. That is a sweet debt to pay. I was brought up with him from my early childhood, and scarcely had time to love any one else, as his parents died so soon; since then I have had no one on earth but Jorge to care for and love; there is no sacrifice in the world but I would willingly make for his happiness.

Ter. (Inquisitively.) And tell me. Do you only love Jorge through gratitude?

Mar. What do you mean, Teresa?

Ter. Your devotion to him is praiseworty; but a young girl's heart can feel more than gratitude for a brave and handsome young fellow. You have refused several good offers of marriage, and that no girl would do, unless she loved some one.

Mar. How can you suppose that.....

Ter. I do not offend you by supposing that you love Jorge; on the contrary, I think it quite natural you should love him. Jorge is young, brave rich and handsome; you are a good, pretty and honest girl; you are both free, and if you love each other, need ask nobody's leave to go straight to the church and have the knot tied.

Marina. I really do not understand exactly my feelings towards Jorge. When I think of him, and of my love for him, it seems more like a heavenly hope than an earthly passion; but Teresa, dear friend, keep this secret deeply buried in your heart, for no one has yet heard it from my lips. Promise me, you will tell no one about it. Will you ?

Teresa. Fear not, Marina, although I am a woman, I can keep a secret.

MUSIC.

Marina. To think of him is my life, to be loved by him, its dream. I shall always love him, even if he should never requite my passion; my sighs find not an echo in his heart; in heaven alone could I find comfort for my blasted hope.

Spoken.

Ter. Did he not speak to you of love before he left for America.

Mar. Never.

Ter. Was he not jealous of you?

Mar. On the contrary, whenever there was a ball at the village, Jorge was the first one to insist upon my going to it. He used to say to me: "Marina, you are pretty and I want everybody to admire you;" and I would go only to please him.

Ter. Then try to drive that love from your heart.

Mar. Why?

Ter. Because you may be sadly disappointed; if such a love as you have described to me were not reciprocated—if he should court another girl, you would be most unhappy.

Mar. I know I could be brave against any misfortune except, that of seeing him married to another; for then I know I would die.

Ter. Then, look for the cure in time.

Mar. Teresa, it is very easy to give advice in matters in which one is not interested, but very hard to follow it when one is blinded by any passion. The depth of mine, I can hardly think every one can understand or feel.

Ter. That is true of most people, but more so in reference to sailors; and I am afraid that you are blinded by your passion.

Mar. Do you wish me to weep?

Ter. I only said it for your own happiness.

Mar. A strange happiness that brings with it tears.

SCENE IV.

The same and Captain Alberto, who jumps from a boat.

Alberto. The meeting of two such pretty girls as these is a fortunate omen for the day. Long live the pretty girls!

Marina. Ah! it is you, Señor Alberto.

Alb. My own dear self. Your hand.

Mar. (Shaking hands.) I look upon every sailor as a brother.

Alb. Nothing but right. Your father was a sailor, too; splendid looking, and, I remember it well, had my own name. Yes, I recollect Alberto Serra well. He was a good pilot, and a better man; for in face and character he was the very type of honesty.

Ter. How is it that you have landed so early?

Alb. Because I have to finish loading.

Mar. Are you to sail soon?

Alb. Yes; this evening I'll cross the wide ocean.

Mar. So soon? I am very sorry.

Alb. (To Teresa.) If you get those rice bags ready quick, I'll send for them.

Ter. Immediately. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Marina, Alberto.

Alberto. Have you any message to send to the Isle of Trinidad?

Marina. Ah! it was in that tropical country that my father died.

Alb. Too true; and my father used to tell me how he left that port the very day that yours arrived. Your father went on board and wrote a letter there, and directed it to your mother; my father brought it; but when he arrived here he heard that your poor mother had just expired. Thus your parents were spared the fearful grief of mourning their death mutually.

Mariana. (Moved.) Ah! Divine Providence never denies virtue her reward.

Alberto. Now, I am going to show you how a sailor keeps his word; my father was a brave and good fellow, and when he arrived here, and heard that your mother had gone to a better world, he put away carefully the letter he had promised to deliver, and at his death bequeathed it to me among the family papers; I found it open, and read it; I only saw there loving words written by a husband to his wife, and so I did not think of giving it to you.

Mar. Ah! you don't know how dearly I would like to have that paper, so that I might kiss the handwriting of my good father, who is now in heaven.

Alb. At least you have the consolation of knowing that he was buried at sea with due ceremony.

Mar. (Horror stricken.) At sea!

Alb. Yes, by Bacchus, where can a sailor find a more suitable grave, than in that blue crystal, which reflects the heavens? When its angry waves break their foamy girdle, those buried in its bosom pray for their comrades; that is why the devil gets angry when a sailor is buried at sea, he knows full well he can't enter there, for it is holy water.

Mar. How can you, who have such a kind and obliging disposition, leave us with so little regret?

Alb. I only fulfill my destiny, Marina; we sailors are the best of men, but so far as love is concerned, we are rather fickle; all are the same.

Mar. You do them wrong. Not all can be the same.

Alb. Perhaps there may be some saint among us, but his name has not reached my ears. There is an old maxim among us sailors, that the heart never sails, we leave a piece of it in every sea port.

Mar. That is cruel.

Alb. We can't help it, it is our only defect, besides after the salty fare we get on board, the honey of women's lips tastes the sweeter.

Mar. (Aside.) (I wonder if Jorge is like him?)

Alb. (Taking out his watch.) How rapidly time flies by your side, sweetness. Goodbye, gentle dove.

Mar. Will you send me that letter?

Alb. How could I forget what that pretty little mouth asks me? I'll send it to you before I sail.

Mar. Goodbye, then.

Alb. Were it in my power, I would send you all I have, even the ship I command.

Mar. See if you can remember me.

Alb. I will, and more than may be good for my peace of mind. (Exit.)

SCENE VI.

Mariana, Pascual, (hearing the last phrases as he comes in.)

Pas. That is good, very good.

Mar. You here, Pascual?

Pas. Now deny to my face that he is not in love with you?

Mar. That, I undoubtedly will.

Pas. Didn't I hear it?

Mar. Then you heard wrong.

Pas. You make me angry by denying it.

Mar. Pascual, you are mistaken.

Pas. Then you mean to tell me?—

Mar. That you don't know what you are saying.

Pas. So I suppose I didn't hear anything?

Mar. I don't care, I never told a falsehood.

Pas. Well, well, we won't speak any more of it; I will yield my point. But now listen to me.

Mar. Well, I am listening to you.

Pas. Well, tell me why is it that knowing that I love you, that I adore you as I do, you do not seem to like me at all.

Mar. Were it as easy to give away our love, as to pluck a flower, I would freely give it you alone.

Pas. Which means that you have given your heart to some one already.

Mar. I have not given it to anyone.

Pas. Then why are you so obstinate in refusing my love, since you know how much I adore you?

Mar. You could never be happy except with a woman who truly loves, and that woman I cannot be, for I feel toward you as a friend, and nothing more.

Pas. Time will make you love me, I will become worthy of you, Marina, you well know that although somewhat coarse and unrefined, I still make enough to support my mother and myself comfortably. I can build as stout a ship as anyone can wish for, and I pride myself on my skill with the hatchet; as an example I will mention the ship in which our friend Jorge is sailing; why that ship is as swift as the swiftest on the ocean.

Mar. I am in great anxiety about his not coming back sooner. May God grant Jorge a speedy return.

Pas. Why girl what an idea; of course he will return soon. The ship I made him, is built of such good timber, that were he to ask her to sink, the ship would answer no. Marina, God is my witness that all the money I have earned has been hoarded up for our marriage, which would make my dear old sick mother very happy and prolong her days; for she dotes on you, the dear old soul.

Mar. Thanks, Pascual, for your kind words and delicate attentions. I do not deserve so much, but your honesty and frankness, obliges me also to act honestly toward you and tell you the truth in spite of one's self, our heart sometimes.....

Pas. Say no more; I understand, you do not love me.

Mar. That is not exactly what I wish to say, but you know Jorge has been my protector and has cared for me since I was left an orphan, how can I leave him now? I will not marry while he is a bachelor.

Pas. Well, now, that is strange; he says he will not marry until you are married?

Mar. He said that?

Pas. Why yes, and very plainly too. Before he left for America, the wealthy ship builder Florida, wished to marry him to his daughter Juana and.....

Mar. And what did he say?

Pas. He said that he could not think of marrying then, that when he returned from Havana, he would decide.

Mar. (Aside.) Good Heavens.

Pas. Because now, added he, Marina is happy and mistress of my house; if another woman entered it as my wife, she would feel slighted and as she is poor,.....

Mar. (Aside.) Ah! (Sighing.)

Pas. Don't feel offended, he did not say that with any ill feeling toward you; on the contrary.

Mar. (Aside.) He little understands how deeply his generosity wounds my feelings.

Pas He did not accept the offer, through fear of making you unhappy.

Mar. (Nervous.) I unhappy, why? as if I could be in his way. (Aside.) He perhaps has read in my eyes what my heart has tried to conceal from him.

Pas. That is exactly what I told him. How could your marrying make Marina unhappy; she has a noble heart and rejoices at the happiness of others; much more would she rejoice at that of her brother.

Mar. What right could I have to oppose his marriage?

Pas. He too, seemed to think I was right, and after hearing me he said: well, when I return from the Havana, it will be all arranged, but before I must consult my sister. Consult her before you leave, said the wealthy builder to him. No, answers he, should I die at sea, it were better to spare her the sorrow of a blasted hope.

Mar. (Aside.) (If he had told me with his own lips that he was going to marry another woman I scarcely think I could have concealed my passion and sorrow.) So perhaps, without wishing it, I have been an obstacle to his happiness; you have made me see clear through all; and Pascual, say, do you really love me?

Pas. If I love you! with my whole soul, and will you consent to be my wife?

Mar. I will, with one condition, Pascaul, that we leave this place.

Pas. Then, I hasten to ask your hand of your brother.

Mar. (Weeping.) Goodbye.

Pas. Where are you going?

Mar. To the chapel to pray.

Pas. I will wait for you here.

Mar. (Aside.) I will pray the Lord with tears in my eyes, to give me peace of mind. (Exit.)

SCENE VII.

Pascual.

Pas. It seems to me like a dream, I marry Marina, with her pretty little figure and soft tiny hands; I cannot understand how it has all been settled, and am so overjoyed that I am afraid I will lose my senses; let me see, how was it done? First, I told her of my love, then asked her if she would have me, she listened to me kindly, still smiling she said no. I insisted, she seemed to be in doubt, put forth some objections, then appeared to believe me and said yes; but when she said yes, she had tears in her eyes. Why was she sad after telling me she would be mine? Perhaps the idea of leaving the home where she has spent her childhood; unless she loves somebody else? Perhaps Captain Alberto. But how stupidly jealous I am; if she loved anyone else she would have stuck to her first no.

SCENE VIII.

Chorus of men and women coming back from the hill top and surrounding Pascual.

MUSIC.

Chorus. Jorge has arrived, how happy shall we all be to see him again.
Pascual. How happy I shall be to see him again.
Cho. Through the mist that still covered the sea, we first saw a ship directing its course rapidly to our coast, its sails seemed like wings that made it fly; then, as it drew nearer we distinguished its rigging, then heard the singing of the crew; then the sun came out gloriously, and we recognized plainly Jorge's ship and the voices of our countrymen; still nearer they came, and we saw Jorge ordering the maneuvres and the anchor cast; then the air was rent with shouts of joy, for all hailed with hurrah! the sight of their native land; the the boats were hauled out, and see, here comes Jorge.

SCENE IX.

The same, Jorge and Roque in a boat rowed by four men, Jorge standing at the stern of boat.

Jorge. Hail the happy coast of Lloret! How sweet it is to see one's native land again. (Gets out of the boat, his friends surround him.)
Cho. Heaven, that protects the brave sailor, has brought you back to your friends and country.
(Jorge embraces some of them, then advances to the front of the stage, while others surround Roque and greet him.)
Jorge. It is not true that absence makes us indifferent to those we cherish. (Aside). Nor does it extinguish the flame of love; distance only makes it burn more intensely.
Pas. Friends, where is Marina? Is she still in the chapel? Ah! here she comes running.

SCENE X.

The same Marina (comes in running and rushes into the arms of Jorge.)

Jorge. Have you been praying for your brother? Your prayers have been heard and the stormy sea has spared him. How often have I thought of you, and followed with an envious eye the flight of the sea birds that winged their course towards this beloved shore.
Marina. (Aside.) Why does my heart beat so! Does it beat with hope or with fear.
Chorus. Heaven has brought you back to your friends and native land.

Spoken.

Jorge. Thanks, thanks, kind friends, my heart swells with pride and gratitude for your warm greeting. Let us all drink to the joy of seeing each other again. (Girls surround Roque with cries of) Roque, Roque, Roque.
One woman. Are you as great a bear as ever? Do you still run away from the girls?
Jorge. Come boys bring the wine and then we shall all have a dance. Girls, bring the castanets; every body must dance on a day like this; even Roque must dance.
Roque. I, dance with a girl? Never, I prefer fighting against a tempest at sea.
Jorge. But you must dance to-day.
Roq. Well, if my captain commands, I suppose I must obey, though we are not aboard; but if I must dance, let me dance with a cabin boy.
Women. Fie for shame! Are we so ugly!
Roq. I dance with a girl! oh! never.
Women. You shall pay us for this insult!
Roq. I wish I could be off. That is worse than a squall.

SCENE XI.

Jorge, Marina, Roque, Pascual.

Jorge. (To Marina.) Here we are united once more.
Mar. Yes, (sighing.)
Jorge. Why do you sigh, Marina?
Roq. (Aside.) (Master is going to wreck on this coast.)

Jorge. I return with the firm intention of giving up the stormy life on the ocean for the calm and quiet of a home. Marina, I have till this day concealed one thing from you ; the time has come for you to know it.

Mar. Jeorge, do not say any more, I beg of you.

Jorge. Why ?

Mar. Because, you need not consult me to do what suits you; do it but don't tell me of it. (Aside.) He does not even understand that he makes me jealous! (Goes off.)

SCENE XII.

Jorge, Roque, Pascual.

Jorge. (Aside.) This is a strange way of treating me; she must have guessed long since how dearly I love her. Have I been mistaken? Is she heartle s ? Oh! no it cannot be; she cannot have understood me.

Roq. (Aside.) If I don't make him clear this coast, he will shipwreck, sure as my name is Roque.

Pas. Well, Jorge, has your schooner proved a good one ?

Jorge. It has not its match on the sea ; when I set sail, it seems to fly ; it is as steady as a rock against the storm, and never springs a leak, never.....

Pas. Never mind the rest about the ship : I am glad you are so well satisfied with it. I have a favor to ask of you.

Jorge. Well, well, what is it.

Pas. I have a mind to embark.....

Jorge. You to embark ?

Pas. Yes, in a matrimonial enterprise.

Jorge. True.

Pas. I have never spoken more seriously.

Jorge. Let us shake hands friend, for I too, have returned with a firm determination to marry.

Pas. Good.

Jorge. I am in love and will give up the sea for a wife ; but, tell me, who is your sweetheart ?

Pas. Marina.

Jorge. How! what! Did you say Marina.

Pas. Why, yes, Marina; does that astonish you.

Jorge. Oh, no; no indeed.....but.....

Pas. It seemed to me that you changed color upon hearing her name.

Jorge. Perhaps.....it did surprise me, because, I did not know you loved each other. (Aside.) I do not know what to say.

Pas. It is true, I never told any one about my passion ; I was satisfied to love her in secret till the time came when I thought I could marry her.

Jorge. (Aside.) Like myself.

Pas. Now that the time has come, and your are back to your home, I thought it was better to tell you at once all about it.

Jorge. So, your attachment to her is a strong one.

Pas. Yes, indeed, she is so good and so beautiful!

Jorge. (Aside.) I know that but too well.

Pas. I will be devoted to her and make her as happy as she deserves to be; indeed, I will.

Roq. (Aside.) The vessel is springing a terrible leak!

Jorge. If she loves you as well as you seem to love her all will be right; but by the friendship I have for both, I would advise you not to force her into marriage; if it is her will as well as yours, I have nothing more to say!

Pas. Oh! she has agreed to it all; it is arranged between both of us, and she even told me to speak to you about it.

Jorge. (Aside.) This is more than I can bear. So she has consented.

Pas. Here she is; you shall hear it from her own lips. (Goes to the door of the house and calls Marina.

SCENE XIII.

The same and Marina.

Marina. Did you call me ?

Pascual. Marina, is it not true that you have consented to our marriage and told me to speak of it to your brother?

Mar. Yes.

Pas. You see it is so.

Jorge. Yes, I do.

Pas. Marina, do you know that the dance this time will be for a double wedding; Jorge is going to get married too.

Jorge. That is to say, I am deeply attached to a woman I wish to marry

Pas. Of course, that is understood.

Mar. (Aside.) And I who thought he cared for none but for me. Poor heart! how you have deceived me. He did not love me, but another.

Jorge. (Aside.) She did not love me but another.

Pas. So everything is settled with us.

Jorge. Yes, and I am glad, although I ought to reproach Marina for her ungratefulness.

Pas. Why do you say those unkind words to her?

Jorge. She gave her heart and hand without consulting her adopted brother. As she is an orphan, she probably considered she needed no one's consent.

Mar. (Weeping.) Never did I expect to hear such harsh words from your lips, Jorge; what have I done to you, that you should speak to me thus.

Pas. To Jorge.) But, what is the matter with you now. The deuce take you!

Jorge. (Sadly.) Comfort her; do you not see she is weeping.

MUSIC.

Pas. (To Marina.) Dry your tears and cease to be sorrowful.

Mar. When the heart is stung, shedding tears relieves it.

Jorge. (Aside.) Poor heart, you had dreamed of a paradise on earth; but one word has made it all vanish; now hide your disappointment and stop your throbs, you never will beat again as you have for her.

Mar. Lost illusions; may heaven hear the sad echoes of my hopes which, though never bright, had still lighted the path of life to me; but now, they are blasted for ever.

Pas. My heart leaps with joy and seems as if it would burst; beautiful girl you will be the bright star that will guide me through the path of life.

Roq. (Aside.) The winds blow and threaten a hurricane; I must get to windward and try to save the ship, or sure she wrecks off this coast, if she is guided by this false beacon.

Pas. Let me see you smile and hear from your lips one word of love.

Mar. I will keep faithfully and honestly the word I pledged to you.

Roq. (Aside.) There goes another broadside.)

Jorge. (Aside.) (She has plighted her faith to him! I have ever weathered the storms of the ocean but know not how to brave those of the heart; better a thousand times I had been buried in the depths of the ocean, than to be here tortured by jealousy and dying with love.

Mar. (Aside.) Heart, silence your cries of agony, bear the misery of dying jealousy and love.

Pas. Gentle dove, never has life seemed so bright to me as to-day; I could only fear to die with love.

Roq. (Aside) Rash fellow you need a pilot for your bark; take in your sails or the wind will drive you on the shoals.)

Spoken.

Pas. (To Marina.) I have never felt so happy in my life. (To Jorge.) You can understand what must be the bliss of knowing that one is soon to be united forever to the woman one adores.

Jorge. Of course.

Pas. Now, Marina, name the wedding day; when shall it be.

Mar. Let Jorge name it.

Jorge. (Aside.) She mocks me cruelly.

Pas. Name that happy day, but let it be soon.

Jorge. Let it take place this very night. (Aside.) (She shall not know that I am grieved at her marriage; my heart is now as hard as the rock of Gibraltar.)

Pas. I hasten to take the joyful news to mother; how happy it will make her; she loves Marina as a daughter already.

[Exit.]

Mar. (Timidly.) Will you come with us Jorge.

Jorge. (Abruptly.) No.

Mar. Excuse me if I annoy you.

Jorge. Never mind me.

Mar. Good bye. [Exit.]

SCENE XIV.

Jorge, Roque.

Jorge. (To Roque.) You see how she has left me!

Roque. Ah! my captain, she is like all the rest of them.

Jorge. Heartless!

Roq. And not worth near as much as you thought.

Jorge. I was returning to her with my heart overflowing with love, while she.....

Roq. The ship has been damaged during our absence.

Jorge. Roque! Roque! stop your talk.

Roq. How can I. when I see our ship unmasted; thunder and lightning, one cannot wink an eye at a woman, without smarting for it. Let women alone, trust me, and in time you will be as safe ashore as I am. Generally, I do scent a woman's snare, but never wait to be caught in it; off I go to my ship without looking back at the hunter.

Jorge. Roque, you have no heart.

Roq. Bless you, captain, my heart used to be as thickly coated with love as the cables of our ship with pitch, and I gave it whole, without reserving for myself any little piece it, to one of the daughters of Eve; her name was Ruperta; she was as beautiful as an angel; I was guided by her like the mariners by the evening star, and would have married her, but the war broke out, my country needed me, and I left her to return soon; scarcely had I picked up my traps, when an accursed calker fired her a broadside and she was captured; he was rich, I poor, so she married him. Gold softens the hearts of women. As I have no gold to try the melting process, I have lined my heart with bronze.

Jorge. What shall I do?

Roq. Do as I do: to escape woman's wiles there is nothing like unmooring your ship and going off with the tide.

Jor. All hope is lost since another will soon lead her to the alter.

Roq. Believe me, Captain, let us return to sea; there is no justice on earth.

Jor. And still such is my blind passion that I envy even now the man that has robbed me of her love.

Roq. If any old salt had been half as treacherous as this fair one, he would have been put in irons.

Jor. Will you hold your tongue? fool.

Roq. I hold my tongue, Captain.

Jor. Has'nt she the right to love whom she pleases?

Roq. That is true, I had'nt thought of that, Captain.

Jor. Would you pretend that I should tyranize her and command her to love me?

Roq. That might have been the best way, after all; it is so aboard, the Captain commands, and everybody obeys whether he is right or wrong.

Jor. (Looking at the house.) Once dear old home made cheerful so long by her presence, how dreary and lonely you would seem now to me, but I will dwell there no longer; my ship will be my home; her adored image will not perhaps disturb my sleep there; yes, to-morrow will see me again at sea.

Roq. Will we unmoor the ship to-morrow and steer for sea?

Jor. You at least will not prove faithless to me?

Roq. As long as Roque has a breath of life, he belongs to the Captain, After we are under full sail I will entertain you telling you all about the deceitfulness of women.

Jor. Of what women; not of hers?

Roq. Oh no! my Captain; of Ruperta's. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XV.

Marina.

Marina. (Coming out of the house) He would not follow us; it was better so, I might have betrayed myself; would to God he may never understand my feelings; perhaps by absence I may now conquer them; the struggle will be terrible till to-morrow; afterwards God may give me more courage; I will be bound by duty. May his image not disturb my peace of mind, though it has never seemed so handsome as now.

SCENE XVI.

Marina, Alberto.

Alb. Welcome to the bride of the village!

Mar. Capt. Alberto!

Alb. So you are going to be married?

Mar. Yes.

Alb. How could you ever fall in love with such a stick? (Aside.) (She deserved a brave fellow like myself.)

Mar. That is our business.

Alb. Of course, but as you look more as if you were going to a burial than to a wedding, and to your own too.....

Mar. Never mind my looks, Captain. Have you brought me the letter you promised me?

Alb. (Aside.) (She puts her ship to windward.) I have forgotten it, but will send it to you as soon as I return aboard.

Mar. Be sure to send it.

Alb. I will either bring it myself or send it by a sailor. But now Marina, do let me talk to you about your marriage. You are downcast, and all your efforts to brighten up are useless; do you really love your intended?

Mar. Yes, indeed. He is an honest and good man.

Alb. I did not ask you that, I ask you as the son of a sailor and true friend of your dead father, as one who takes an interest in your welfare, do you love Pascual?

Mar. Yes, I do.

Alb. Ah! fair friend, there is some bitter secret at the bottom of your heart. Come, trust me as a friend—unload your cargo, lighten your ballast.

Mar. I have no secret to unburden to any one. If I marry Pascual, it is because I choose to do so, and no human power can prevent me from doing it.

Alb. If that is so, I have nothing more to say, and respect your choice.

Mar. I would not take back my word or make him unhappy.

Alb. Although I do not advocate the principles you have just defended, still I admire your firmness and determination of purpose; you have the blood of a sailor in your veins.

Mar. Thanks for the compliment. (At this moment Pascual appears and listons to the conversation.

Pas. (Aside.) With her again.

Alb. Whether you marry or not, depend on it you will ever find a devoted friend in me.

Pas. (Taking part in the conversation.) She will need no devoted friend now but her husband.

Alb. Jealous already, you are borrowing trouble before time. But farewell. (Exit.)

Mar. Goodbye.

SCENE XVII.

Marina, Pascal.

Pas. He has gone at last, thank God.

Mar. Why do you say, thank God?

Pas. Because,....because he annoys me. He is ever trying to speak to you. If you would not displease me, I beg you have nothing more to do with him; these old salts....

Mar. I will not speak to him again any how, for he sails to-night.

Pas. Don't be so sure of that.

Mar. You are unjust, he leaves to-night and will perhaps never return.

Pas. You are right, forgive me if I am jealous. I am afraid some one may rob me of your heart

Mar. I will tell you, Pascual, what we were talking about; (but at this moment the noise and voices of people are heard.) But what noise is this?

Pas. My workmen, to whom I have paid their days wages, and given a holiday in honor of our marriage. They are making merry.

Mar. How can I repay such kindness?

Pas. By bringing happiness to my house.

SCENE XVIII.

The same, men and women, workmen from the dock-yard, and after the chorus, Jorge and Roque.

MUSIC.

Chorus. Receive the congratulations of the faithful workmen of your intended; may happiness accompany you to the altar, where the best of men will swear eternal love to you; repay that love and be his comfort.

Pas. Marina, mother is awaiting us anxiously. Come, let us take joy to her heart. Then to-morrow you will be her daughter and companion.

Mar. (Aside.) This kind attention, his devotion, and his mother's love, all deserve more affection than I can give them; still with this marriage my old love shall be burried.

Jorge. She is more beautiful than ever; I wish and try to hate and can but love her more than ever.

Roque. Let us hoist our flag, pull up anchor, fire our broadside and be off.

Cho. May they ever enjoy the happiness Heaven grants them; long days of bliss are in store for them; may no clouds darken them.

Pas. In your tender years you were left an orphan in this village, now my home shall be yours, and you shall ever be protected and provided for.

Jorge. As long as I live she never will need any protection—was not my home hers? (To Marina.) Sister, it shall now be yours alone. Here we passed happily the days of our childhood: keep this home in remembrance of me.

Roque. (Aside.) How stupid my captain is.

Jorge, Mar. In spite of { herself, / himself, } the ungrateful one will remember me.

Pas. Let us hasten to the altar where happiness awaits us.

Roque. (Aside.) He is stark mad; when women are about, men cannot keep their heads level. Well, sea-captains are bound to be wrecked some times.

Cho. Let us accompany the bride to the maternal roof; let us dance and sing, and drink to their happiness and prosperity.

Jorge. Great Heavens! she is gone. (While Pascual and chorus retire joyfully, Jorge leans on Roque's shoulder and tears come to his eyes as he looks at the merry party pass by. The curtain falls.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

The same scene as in Act first; in the centre of the stage, and near to the footlights, several sailors may be seen drinking at a long table; at one end of the table, Jorge is sitting down thoughtfully, while at the opposite end Roque is drinking.

SCENE I.

Jorge, Rogue and Sailors.

Sailors. (Leaving their glasses.) This is fine wine to drink; it warms and makes one jolly, it tastes like nectar.

Roque. (Leaving his glass.) Of course it is, all wine is pleasant.

Jorge. (Aside.) She has left me with perfect indifference, left me in an unendurable loneliness! oh, I feel that that woman carries away my life with her; why should my fate be so hard, but patience, let God's will be done.

Roque. (Offering him a glass.) Look at the storm through this glass and you will see how you can quiet it at your will.

Jorge. Too true.

Roque. Here comrades let us sing and drink and cheer for Castille, Captain gives us a song, that may smack of the sea.

Jorge. (After having drained his glass; seriously.) Fill another time.

Roque. That is right, cast away your sadness.

Jorge. When a man suffers, he must divert himself by singing off his troubles.

(All the sailors take glasses.)

MUSIC.

Jorge. Whither are our fancies flying, that leave our hearts lifeless, and as a reward for our deep love, cast our sighs to the winds, and our tears to the deep. But who cares, drink again, for wine lightens the cares of life. Drink, drink so as to drown the cries of grief, for wine makes us even forget the sorrows of love.

Chorus. Drink, drink, draw the cup of wine, for liquor will increase the joys of love.

Roque. The white froth of this sweet nectar, drives away the black cloud of sorrow. Oh, had Providence, made the sea of wine, I would wish to be a duck, so as to swim in it. It all hinges in this, that we should drink more. Ah! with such luscious wine, my throat has turned into a funnel. Let us drink, let us drink, the cup for wine makes us forgetful of the bitterness of love.

Chorus. Let us drink, etc. (At the end of these lines, Jorge becomes quite tipsy, and Roque is entirely drunk.)

1*st. Sailor.* Comrades!

2*d. Sailor.* What is the matter?

1*st. Sailor.* Let us leave now, for the time has come for the seranade. (Exuent.)

SCENE II.

Jorge and Roque.

Roque. (Sings, beating time with his fists on the table.) The land has ships, the seas flowers, pinks fins and fish sweet scent.

Jorge. It seems to me that you have got things rather mixed.

Roq. I have heard it sung in that manner.

Jorge. Why man, flowers and fishes are entirely different things.

Roq. (Laughing.) The captain is drunk!

Jorge. (Seriously.) Just as soon as the storm is over, I'll name you captai n.

Roq. No! I would rather be an archbishop, for were I one, by blessing the ocean I would convert its waters into rum, brandy and wine.

Jorge. That seems to me nothing but right.

Roq. Of course it is! for then everyone who sank into the bottom, would

get drowned in what they like. (Makes a step and falls against the chairs.) Here helsman, turn the prow away from the southwest, for I fear the tempest may give us trouble.

Jorge. (Angrily.) Roque, why don't you help me drive away my sorrow.

Roq. I cannot, can't you see that the earth is trembling under us?

Jorge. Ah! you abandon me also.

Roq. Not so captain, but I am drunk.

Jorge. I'll kill her husband.

Roq. That is it, drown him.

Jorge. I wish I could forget her, Roque. (Weeping.)

Roq. That is what you should do.

Jorge. I am heavy at heart.

Roq. Drink, and drown care.

Jorge. (Takes a glass, brings it to his lips and lets it fall.) Ah! it burns me.

Roq. What an idea!

Jorge. My forehead is burning, my head reels.

SCENE III.

The same, and Marina coming out of the house.

Roque. (In a low tone.) Captain, here comes a pirate ship.

Marina. Pardon me, Jorge, if I have dared.....

Jorge. So, so, it is you?

Mar. (Aside.) (In what a state I find him.) I'll go back to the house.

Jorge. Wait. (Takes a glass.)

Mar. (Taking hold of his arm.) Don't drink any more, Jorge.

Jorge. Why not?

Mar. Because it is not good for you.

Jorge. Well, it seems strange....that anyone should take any interest in me.

Roq. If you are going to charge him more than six per cent. for your interest, I will call you a usurer, and the usurer looks abeyond per centage and aims at the capital.

Mar. (To Jorge.) But who is the cause of your acting thus?

Jorge. This woman is....

Roq. Is like the serpent of paradise.

Mar. (Aside.) (What bitter disappointment.) (To Jorge, who is about taking a glass.) This is killing you.

Jorge. So much the better.

Roq. What nonsense, I think the longer I live the better.

MUSIC.

Jorge. Have you ever felt the pangs of disappointed love; they harden the heart and make one wicked and cruel; I feel as if I could kill all around me. Now I'll drink, and I'll sing, no more tears; no more pining.

Mar. His voice betrays sorrow and misery, Who was the ungrateful woman; who was the wretch that could embitter his life. From this day my suffering begins, from this day I must silently endure my grief; I shall not even have the comfort of drying his tears.

Roque. Never in my twenty years of experience as a sailor had I met with such a terrific storm, and really now I can find neither the helm nor the compass—my ship has lost its masts. I want to sleep, to rest, and even my bed seems to have been washed away by the waves.

Mar. (To Roque.) Do you know of what woman he speaks?

Roque. What woman do you mean; the woman who has deceived him?

Mar. Tell me her name.

Roque. I think it was Ruperta, who besides gilting me as she did, has driven me to drink.

Mar. Jorge you are suffering.

Jorge. I suffered more yesterday, but by drinking I now feel better. Tell me. Do you love me?

Mar. (Aside.) Cruel sarcasm?

Jorge. If you are also in sorrow, drink also.

Mar. Ah! Jorge, forget her.

Jorge. I cannot. In immagination I see her float on the wings of love. I see her image reflected by the gentle moon-light on the sea. I hear distinctly her footsteps wherever I go, and even in this fearful drunkness, it seems as if she were near me.

Mar. (Aside.) It breaks my heart when I listen to the ravings of his passion.

Roque. Let him fall in love who will, but I decidedly prefer wine to women.

Spoken.

Mar. Jorge.

Jorge. What do you want of me?

Mar. That you should not be ungrateful.

Jorge. I'll kill the man she loves, and then I'll leave this place forever. I will find her sometime or other. I must find her; since I cannot see her awake, I'll seek her in my dreams. (Exit stumbling.)

SCENE IV.

Marina and Roque.

Mar. He leaves me without giving me a word of comfort.

Roque. Go to bed woman.

Mar. Ah! Roque, in Heaven's name, tell me. Is the one he loves here?

Roque. Don't hold out the bait to me, no hook will catch me.

Mar. But....

Roque. Now don't give signals of distress. Don't lower your flag; I won't come to the rescue.

Mar. But don't be so stubborn, we can keep the secret between the two.

Roque. (Making the sign of the cross with his fingers.) Sweet spirit tempt me not, for I tell you that....I am drunk. (Goes stumbling out over chairs, etc.)

SCENE V.

Marina.

(It begins to grow dark. A watchman lights the lamp at St. Telmo.)

Mar. Why do I frantically keep on drinking my cup of misery to the very dregs. Ah! poor sorrowful heart, you shall be burried, without you being understood. No one shall ever know how you have pined. Oh! heavens, how sorry I am that I told my secret to Teresa. But she will keep it. Still I'll go and see her, and tell her again not to disclose it. That will save me at least the shame of loving without being loved. (Exit.)

SCENE VI.

Pascual with a guitar, followed by sailors and calkers, with guitars and fiddles.

Pas. Be quiet; until my angel appears at the window, tune your guitars, and sing your very best, and after you finish, don't stay here, but leave me. After your song comes mine. Do you see? The fisher-women are bidding adieu to their fathers and husbands; so now it is time. Begin.

MUSIC.

Appear, fair one of the dark eyes, appear, and drive away the dark cloud that oppresses your lover; appear sweet houri and give me one kiss from your lips of honey. See darkness spreads over the sky. Oh! thou morning star appear and illuminate it. And since night has already come on, let eyes, your like the sun dispel darkness,

Cho. See, darkness spreads over the sky. Oh! thou morning star, etc.

Pas. Darling, the billows roll and roar, you alone by your presence can calm them. In their transparent waters there is not salt enough to compare with the bitterness—the sorrow of him you will not love. She the darkness spreads over the sky, appear thou morning star and illuminate it. And since night has already come on, let your eyes like the sun dispel darkness.

Cho. See darkness spreads over the heavens, etc.

SCENE VII.

The same, and Roque at the window.

Spoken.

Pas. At last some one opens the window.
Roque. Stupid fellow!
Pas. Why; it is Roque. What are you doing up there?
Roque. What should I be doing. Enjoying the breeze.
Pas. Are you still.....(Imitating darkness.)
Roque. I felt my way up here in search of a bed. I wanted to get rid of my sea sickness, which came on with a few glasses of wine; and your song awakened me. Why dont you go and sing somewhere else?
Pas. Don't you like it?
Roque. It is as bad as a choir of church boys. It sounds like the mewing of cats. The words of your song are flat and have no meaning.
Pas. What do you know about good music and poetry?
Roque. More than you think for; a man to sing well ought to have a voice strong enough to command a vessel at sea, and the words of a song ought to be as spicy as life on the ocean wave.
Pas. Well then, give us a sample of your singing.
Roque. Well, hand up the lumber. (Pascual gives him a guitar,) and listen to a good one. Cant you join in the chorus?
Pas. What key shall I take?
Roq. To sing to a woman, always take the golden key.

MUSIC.

Roque. The burning fire of your eyes will reduce me to ashes; it is really like tar calking my blood and my bones.
Chorus. Your blood is like tar and evaporates by heat.
Roq. Don't stand on the sea-shore; sharks abound there; and people do say they like fresh meat and nice calves.
Cho. Then the girls had better not stand on the sea-shore.

Spoken.

Roque. What do you think of my song?
Pascual. Quite good for a tar. Now come down.
Roq. Thank you. As I expect to have a jolly time after the wedding I guess I'll go to sleep a while; I'll rest from one tipsy spree before I get into another; so, good bye, I'll return to my bed. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

The same, except Roque.

Pascual. Well, good bye and pleasant dreams. Now, comrades, leave me; I must talk to my bride. Let no one fail to come at ten; for that is the hour fixed for the wedding; and as soon as the curate marries us, we'll spend the evening in dancing, drinking and singing; so good bye for a while.
All. Good bye. [Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Pascual and a Sailor.

Sailor. Can you tell me where I could find a young woman by the name of Marina? She is an orphan, and a sailor's daughter.
Pascual. That is her house.
Sailor. The mischief! Why, I have been standing in front of it, and yet didn't know it.
Pas. Why do you wish to see her?
Sailor. To deliver a note the captain sends her.
Pas. What captain?
Sailor. Why, mine, of course! How many captains do you suppose I have? Only one, of course; the captain of the *Ginnett*.

Pas. Ah! I know him.

Sailor. He is very attractive; and especially among the women he cuts a great dash.

Pas. I believe it. (Aside.) (That captain is making me boil over with rage.)

Sailor. So with your leave I'll....

Pas. (Aside.) (If I could only pump him.) I say!

Sailor. What do you want?

Pas. Listen. Marina has been away since this afternoon, as she is accustomed to do every day, and she will remain at church till vespers.

Sailor. Well, how will I deliver her my message. The captain told me not to give it to anyone but her?

Pas. I am a relative of hers. If you wish, I can tell her you are looking for her, but when she returns, it may be very late.

Sailor. Besides the captain told me to pay her a compliment in his name.

Pas. And what of that? I can deliver both the letter and the compliment to her just as well.... in his name.

Sailor. And besides, I have to help to unmoor the ship, for we sail tonight, and I can't wait.

Pas. Well, then give me the letter, take this money and go.

Sailor. So you are one of the family? Will you be sure to give her the letter?

Pas. Certainly.

Sailor. Well, then it is the same as if I hadn't given it to anybody. (Takes the money.) Eh! (Going.)

Pas. What is it?

Sailor. Don't forget to tell her that he thinks she is a charming girl?

Pas. (Aside.) (Still at it.) I won't forget it.

Sailor. Well, then I am off. (Exit.)

Pas. A pleasant trip to you.

SCENE X.

Pascual.

I don't like that message at all. What can that captain of the *Gimena* want of her? I can't explain his persistence in following her everywhere she goes. If I only would dare open it....ay, that is lucky, it is open. Jealousy tells me to read it, my conscience tells me not to read it. I am soon to become her husband, I don't see why I shouldn't. (Opens the letter and gets near the lamp.) (Reads.) "Dearest: there can be no greater grief than absence; I know how much you love me, and God alone knows how much I adore you. I'll soon return to this port, and wish for no greater happiness than to embrace you. That is the only joy your Albert craves for." Heaven preserve me! What is this? Marina? It cannot be; there isn't a woman on this shore capable of such treachery. To think that she should entrap me, dishonored as she is. If this is true, I will tear her heart out. But haven't I seen him following her day after day? And it is the cause of her melancholy? Is it possible! can this be a snare laid by both to entrap me. Oh! I'll soon clear this mystery, by Heavens. (Goes towards the house, is met by Jorge.)

SCENE XI.

Pascual and Jorge.

Jor. Where are you going?

Pas. To see Marina.

Jor. She is not at home.

Pas. Well I must see her.

Jor. But what is the matter?

Pas. Do you pretend not to know it?

Jor. But tell me what it is?

Pas. Well, the fact is, I suspect....

Jor. Well, what?

Pas. That Marina....

Jor. Pascual.
Pas. Is.....but I dont know what I am saying.
Jor. Tell me quick, don't keep me in suspense.
Pas. I offered her my hand and my heart, and she has lightly....
Jor. Will you finish your sentence?
Pas. Deceived me.
Jor. You lie, and he who first dares speak lightly of her honor, shall pay for his rashness.
Pas. And should he show you proofs?
Jor. Proofs. What proofs?
Pas. (Giving him the letter.) Stupid, take this and read it. Are you convinced now?
Jor. (After having read it.) No. No one loving Marina as I do, would believe it.
Pas. Have you not noticed her sadness, by Jove.
Jor. No.
Pas. It is easy to see that you are not to be her husband, for were you in my place you would probably feel differently, and would wash your dishonor in her blood.
Jorge. (Agitated.) Wretch, Heaven preserve you from touching a hair of her head. For then.....don't do it, don't do it, Pascual.
Pas. Oh! I shall go crazy, why I saw him making love to her!
Jorge. And what of that?
Pas. Stubborn creature. Isn't she made of flesh and blood?
Jorge. I grant that he may love her; but does it necessarily follow that she must also love him?
Pas. But man, haven't you read what he has written to her?

SCENE XII.

Jorge, Pascual, and Marina.

MUSIC.

Marina. (Aside.) In vain do I seek for Teresa, and yet my life depends on her keeping my secret.
Jorge. You couldn't have come more in time. Some one has deceived Pascual, and he suspects yoo; let your lips drive away foul suspicion from his mind.
Mar. What is the matter? Tell me. What have I done wrong?
Pascual. What do you imagine a man, who loved a woman dearly, would do, were he to find out that she concealed from him her passion for another man?
Mar. (Aside.) Oh! Heavens! Teresa has betrayed my secret.
Jorge. (The anxiety depicted on her face, frightens me.) Tell me that you are not guilty, that.....
Mar. (Falling on her knees.) Pardon me; I fought against my passion with all my force, and would have given my life to conquer it?
Pas. (To Jorge.) Do you see now that my jealousy was not unfounded.
Mar. Pardon me and I will bless you for the rest of my days.
Pas. You have blasted forever the love, whose whole object in life was to make you happy. I will never lead you to the altar, or touch that perjured hand.
Mar. Oh, Heaven take this worthless life away; this life at present so harrassed by grief. He calls me perjured, and claims I am dishonered, and yet my love for him was as pure as an angels.
Jorge. Forever now is hope blasted in my breast; still I cannot help her in her grief. O, if such an angel as Marina, has not kept her honor unsullied, where on this earth is virtue to be found?
Mar. (To Pascual.) Listen to me.
Pas. I will not hear you.
Mar. I am innocent.
Pas. Leave me, you weep in vain, your tears cannot deceive me. Do not

imagine for one moment, that I shall ever accept your hand. Do not utter another word or syllable in your defense. Leave me and go far from me, for you have already made me unhappy enough.

Mar. My grief is not assumed. Remorse is my punishment, and already embitters my existence; but as I am the only sufferer from the love you reproach me, I am not unworthy of your forgiveness.

Jorge. I wish to shut my ears to her entreaties; but it is impossible. Oh, he cannot have loved her, since he refused her his forgiveness. I would give up a life, nay a thousand times, were I able to restore happiness to her, even if she had made me wretched.

(Marina again begs Pascual, but he casts her away from him, and leaves her weeping.)

SCENE XIII.

Jorge and Marina.

Jorge. (Raising her from the ground.) Come, calm your grief and trust in me; whether guilty or not, you'll always find pity in my heart.

Marina. (Aside with bitterness.) His pity!

Jorge. Yes, and the wretch who villanously dishonored you, shall give satisfaction for the insult: I will revenge your honor.

Mar. Revenge my honor? Who sullied my honor?

Jorge. The man who dared to profane my home, by sending you this paper. (Gives her Alberto's letter.)

Mar. This letter! (Opening it and reading it with tears in her eyes; then kissing it.) Father! father, how unfortunate is your poor child.

Jorge. This besides: you dare in my presence put your lips to the letter of the villan who has betrayed you!

Mar. This letter is from my dying father.

Jorge. What! you say.....

Mar. That this letter was written by my dying father as a last farewell to his beloved wife here, and is full of the expressions of his love to her. Mother died before the letter was sent from America, and now the captain has brought it to me.

Jorge. Marina, can this be true? Then..... the letter is not from Captain Alberto to you?

Mar. No, by my honor! Why should Captain Alberto write to me. I have nothing to do with him.

Jorge. Who then is the man you have owned you love.

Mar. Say no more on that point, and respect my secret.

Jorge. The secret ought to be revealed. Pascual ought to be undeceived. Perhaps he would return you his love.

Mar. (With dignity.) I care not for his love, nor would I ever give my hand to the man who has so lightly doubted my honor. My faith was plighted to him, and at the cost of my life, I would have kept it unsullied, though I did not love him as I should have told him.

Jorge. (Aside.) A ray of hope shines before me. (In an indifferent and natural manner.) Can you not tell me the name of the man who now has your affection?

Mar. (Bitterly.) To what purpose?

Jorge. (With emotion.) As I sail to-morrow, and return to sea, I would like to leave this affair settled before I go away.

Mar. (Nervously.) You leave to-morrow; why?

Jorge. To die far from my native land, where none care for me, where I can be of no use, even to those I love.

Mar. (Bursting suddenly in tears.) Jorge, for God's sake, do not go away thus, if you would not kill me.

Jorge. Dry your tears, Marina, wherever I may be, you will ever have in me a devoted friend, and if the man you love should come to you, I will....

Mar. (Abruptly.) Oh! he will never come here.

Jorge. Why?

Mar. Because.... (Stops short, is confused and grasps the corner of her apron.) Because he is here now.

Jorge. That obliges me the more to leave, since you will not confide to me your secret.

Mar. If you leave (weeping) he will not be here.

Jorge. (Joyfully.) Then, Marina, am I to understand....am I that fortunate....

Mar. Yes.

Jorge. Do you really love me?

Mar. Ever since I was a little child.

Jorge. And will you be my wife?

Mar. (With tenderness.) Your slave....if you love me.

Jorge. You need no words from me to know I will adore you, Marina, we shall part no more, but bound in holy ties, cross together the path of life, you leaning on my strong arm, I looking up to you as the mariner on the star that guides him at sea. My love will only end with my life.

Mar. Love and trust me, Jorge, for I will ever be true to your love and keep your honor; that I swear. (Embraces him.)

SCENE XIV.

The same, Roque, coming out of the house, the other guests villagers, fishermen etc.

Roq. Thunder and lightning, what do I see; my captain is shipwrecked!

Jorge, Come Roque, my good friend, embrace me. I am happy; she loves me.

Roq. (Sadly.) I am so sorry; what am I good for now? I must be patient, and when the baby comes I will teach him to swim.

Jorge. Roque, you must leave your ship and remain with me now.

Roq. I will if you have no women about the house but your wife.

Jor. But Roque, we must have a female cook.

Roq. I can roast a chicken, broil a steak, in fact cook as well as any female; I will take the boy to school, teach him to swim and.....

Jor. Suppose the boy turns out to be a girl?

Roq. By George! I will dress her in boy's clothes.

Mar. (Affectionately to Roque.) But how will you be able to get along with me?

Roq. Well, if you are a little patient and give me time to get accustomed to you, I will after a while consider you as.....

Mar. As what?

Roq. As the mate aboard.

A Sailor. When is the wedding to come off?

Jor. Everything was prepared for a wedding to-night; the bridegroom is changed; that is all. (At this moment the singing of sailors is heard; they are taking up anchor.) What noise is this?

Roq. The Captain of the Gimena is ordering the anchor to be weighed.

Jor. To him I owe in part my happiness.

Mar. He has our best wishes for a happy voyage. (The Gimena is seen lifting anchor; the moon rises and shines on the water and ship; Roque takes off his cap, cheers, then remains in mute contemplation.)

Roq. God protect the Gimena!

Mar. You seem sad, Roque.

Roq. I own it does make me sad to look at a vessel put to sail when I am to remain on land.

Mar. It is better to live on land than at sea.

Roq. Not when you have been brought up on the blue element and breathed salt water all your life, The winds and tempests become as it were your companions: I feel like a man who has become a widower.

Mar. Eie, a woman is worth more than a ship.

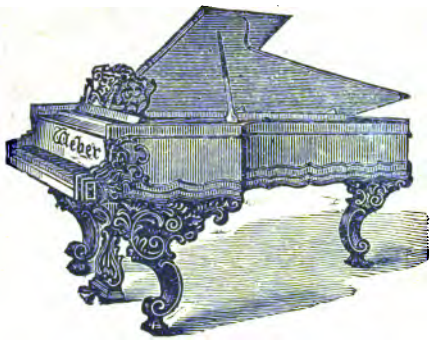
Roq. I guess not; but you don't know anything about ships,

MUSIC.

Roq. and Chorus. Happy he who lives in a floating house, whose berth is rocked by the billows; who goes to sleep hearing the murmuring of the waters and awakens to look at the boundless ocean before, and has the smell of tar and pitch all around him. (Vessel gradually grows smaller, then disappears in the distance.)

END OF MARINA.

WEBER



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